

*Cates.* I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,  
Vpon his partie, for the gaine thereof:

And thereupon he lends you this good newes,  
That this same very day your enemies,  
The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret.

*Hast.* Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,  
Because they haue bene still my aduersaries:  
But, that Ile giue my voice on Richards side,  
To barre my Masters Heires in true Descent,  
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.

*Cates.* God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.

*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelue-month hence,  
That they which brought me in my Masters hate,  
I liue to looke vpon their Tragedie.

Well *Catesby*, ere a fort-night make me older,  
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on't.

*Cates.* 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,  
When men are vnprepar'd, and looke not for it.

*Hast.* O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out  
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*: and so 'twill doe  
With some men else, that thinke themselves as safe  
As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are deare  
To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

*Cates.* The Princes both make high account of you,  
For they account his Head vpon the Bridge.

*Hast.* I know they doe, and I haue well deseru'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-speare man?  
Feare you the Bore, and goe so vnprovided?

*Stan.* My Lord good morrow, good morrow *Catesby*:  
You may ieaft on, but by the holy Rood,  
I doe not like these feuerall Counsels, I.

*Hast.* My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours,  
And neuer in my dayes, I doe protest,  
Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now:  
Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so triumphant as I am?

*Stan.* The Lords at Pomfret, where they rode from London,  
Were iocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,  
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:  
But yet you see, how soone the Day o're-cast.  
This sudden stab of Rancour I misdoubt:

Pray God (I say) I proue a needlesse Coward.  
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

*Hast.* Come, come, haue with you:

Wot you what, my Lord,

To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded.

*Stan.* They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,  
Then some that haue accus'd them, weare their Hats.  
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

*Hast.* Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.

Exit Lord Stanley, and *Catesby*.

How now, Sir? how goes the World with thee?

*Purs.* The better, that your Lordship please to aske.

*Hast.* I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,  
Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:  
Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,  
By the suggestion of the Queenes Allyes.  
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)  
This day those Enemies are put to death,

And I in better state then ere I was.

*Purs.* God hold it, to your Honors good content:  
*Hast.* Gramercie fellow: there, drinke that for me,  
Thou shalt haue it.

*Purs.* I thanke your Honor.

Enter a Priest.

*Priest.* Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Honor.

*Hast.* I thanke thee, good Sir *John*, with all my heart.  
I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

*Priest.* Ile wait vpon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

*Buc.* What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine?  
Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Priest,  
Your Honor hath no shrining worke in hand.

*Hast.* Good faith, and when I met this holy man,  
The men you talke of, came into my minde,  
What, goe you toward the Tower?

*Buc.* I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:  
I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.

*Hast.* Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.

*Buc.* And Supper too, although thou know'st it not,  
Come, will you goe?

*Hast.* Ile wait vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

### Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying  
the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

*Rivers.* Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this,  
To day shalt thou behold a S. b. die,  
For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.

*Grey.* God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you,  
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-suckers.

*Vaugh.* You liue, that shall cry woe for this heere  
after.

*Rat.* Dispatch, the limit of your Liues is out.

*Rivers.* O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!  
Fatale and ominous to Noble Peeres:

Within the guiltie Closure of thy Walls,  
Richard the Second here was hackt to death:

And for more slander to thy dismall Seat,  
Wee giue to thee our guiltlesse blood to drinke.

*Grey.* Now Margarets Curse is false vpon our Heads,  
When thee exclaim'd on *Hastings*, you, and I,

For standing by, when Richard stab'd her Sonne.

*Rivers.* Then curs'd thee Richard,

Then curs'd thee Buckingham,

Then curs'd thee *Hastings*. Oh remember God,

To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs:

And for my Sister, and her Princely Sonnes,

Be satisfi'd, deare God, with our true blood,

Which, as thou know'st, vniuently must be spilt.

*Rat.* Make haste, the houre of death is expiate.

*Rivers.* Come *Grey*, come *Vaughan*, let vs here embrace.

Farewell, vntill we meet againe in Heauen.

Exeunt.

Scena

### Scena Quarta.

Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely,  
Norfolk, Ratcliffe, Lowell, with others,  
at a Table.

*Hast.* Now Noble Peeres, the cause why we are met,  
Is to determine of the Coronation:

In Gods Name speake, when is the Royall day?

*Buck.* Is all things ready for the Royall time?

*Darb.* It is, and wants but nomination.

*Ely.* To morrow then I iudge a happie day.

*Buck.* Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?

Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?

*Ely.* Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his minde.

*Buck.* We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,

He knows no more of mine, then I of yours,

Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:

Lord *Hastings*, you and he are neere in loue.

*Hast.* I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:

But for his purpose in the Coronation,

I haue not founded him, nor he deliuer'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time,

And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my Voice,

Which I presume hee'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

*Ely.* In happie time, here comes the Duke himselfe.

*Rich.* My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow:

I haue bene long a sleeper: but I trust,

My abience doth neglect no great designe,

Which by my presence might haue bene concluded.

*Buck.* Had you not come vpon your Q. my Lord,

*William*, Lord *Hastings*, had pronounc'd your part;

I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King.

*Rich.* Then my Lord *Hastings*, no man might be bolder,

His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.

My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborne,

I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,

I doe beseech you, lend for some of them.

*Ely.* Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Exit Bishop.

*Rich.* Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

*Catesby* hath sound'd *Hastings* in our businesse,

And findes the testie Gentleman so hot,

That he will lose his Head, ere giue consent

His Masters Child, as worshipfully he teames it,

Shall lose the Royaltie of Englands Throne.

*Buck.* Withdraw your selfe a while, Ile goe with you.

Exeunt.

*Darb.* We haue not yet set downe this day of Triumph:

To morrow, in my iudgement, is too sudden,

For I my selfe am not so well provided,

As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

*Ely.* Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster?

I haue sent for these Strawberries,

His Grace looks chearfully & smooth this morning,

There's some conceit or other likes him well,  
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.

I thinke there's neuer a man in Christendome

Can lesse hide his loue, or hate, then hee,

For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.

*Darb.* What of his Heart perceiue you in his Face,

By any liuelyhood he shew'd to day?

*Hast.* Mary, that with no man here he is offended:

For were he, he had shewne it in his Lookes.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

*Rich.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserue,

That doe conspire my death with diuellish Plots:

Of damned Witchcraft, and that haue prevail'd

Vpon my Body with their Hellish Charmes.

*Hast.* The tender loue I beare your Grace, my Lord,

Makes me most forward, in this Princely presence,

To doome th' Offenders, whoe'er they be:

I say, my Lord, they haue deseru'd death.

*Rich.* Then be your eyes the witness of their euill.

Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme

Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd vp:

And this is *Edwards* Wife, that monstrous Witch,

Conforted with that Harlot, Strumpet *Shore*,

That by their Witchcraft thus haue marked me.

*Hast.* If they haue done this deed, my Noble Lord.

*Rich.* If thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,

Talk'st thou to me of lfs: thou art a Traytor,

Off with his Head: now by Saint *Paul* I sweare,

I will not dine, vntill I see the same.

*Lowell* and *Ratcliffe*, looke that it be done:

The rest that loue me, rise, and follow me.

Manet Lowell and Ratcliffe, with the  
Lord Hastings.

*Hast.* Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,

For I, too fond, might haue prevented this:

*Stanley* did dreame, the Bore did rowse our Helmes,

And I did scorne it, and disdain'd to flye:

Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horse did stumble,

And started, when he look'd vpon the Tower,

As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.

O now I need the Priest, that spake to me:

I now repent I told the Pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine Enemies

To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I my selfe secure, in grace and fauour.

Oh *Margaret*, *Margaret*, now thy heauie Curse

Is lighted on poore *Hastings* wretched Head.

*Ra.* Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner:

Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.

*Hast.* O momentarie grace of mortall men,

Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!

Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,

Liues like a drunken Sayler on a Mast,

Readie with euery Nod to tumble downe,

Into the fatale Bowels of the Deepe.

*Low.* Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootlesse to exclaime.

*Hast.* O bloody Richard, miserable England,

I prophecie the fearefull time to thee,

That euer wretched Age hath look'd vpon.

Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head,

They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

Exeunt.

Enter